The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XVI. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1887. NUMBER 6.

THE WISHING BONE.

I stood with Kit,
The roguish chit,
Beneath the lamplight in the hall.
The feast was o'er—
The opened door
Invited us unto the ball.

She dropped her head
And softly said:
'I took this bone from off my dish;
Will you join me
And break to see
Which of us two will have the wish?"

Her blushes came,
And mine the same,
The while I wish and fates invoke
That I may dare
Some day declare
My love—The bone it bent and broke.

I culprit stand
With bone in hand—
The fragile thing is now undone.
And pretty Kit,
The roguish chit,
She softly said: "Your wish is won."

"Ah! pretty maid,
I'm sore afraid
I'll have to tell my wish to you.
I wished that I
Might by and by
Declare my love as lovers do."

* * * * * *

"And I wished just the same thing too."
—*H. S. Keller, in Judge.*

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

A Few Simple Rules Which All Should Follow.

I. THE HYGIENE OF THE EYES.

What I have to say on this subject may be reduced to half a dozen rules—none of them hard to follow, unless it be the last of them but one.

1. My first rule is, in reading, have light enough for easy vision. How much light is enough? How much is too much? These are questions for the individual. No two persons require the same brightness upon the page. Some eyes are timid of light, and can stand but little of it, while yet they may be depended on for a good many hours' work in the day and for a good many years' service. Strong eyes, those that will bear the glare, are not infrequently those that run the greatest risk of abuse; just as the persons who have excellent digestions or great athletic powers are constantly tempted to over-exercise them and to break them down, while weaker persons who take care of themselves will outlast the strong. Comfort in reading is the main criterion.

The main temptation is to strain the eyes in reading when the light is insufficient. This must be strenuously resisted if the retina is to be kept in good working order. Less light is required in writing than in reading, because the trained movements of the hand are in large part automatic, and in a considerable degree independent of the eyesight; the experience of the blind shows how easily they may be made entirely independent. But it is precisely the experience of the blind that we wish, in our own persons, to avoid. Let us, therefore, allow ourselves quite enough light in every case; more in reading, less, if need be in writing; but enough in each and every case. In a mountain camp, by a tallow candle, you might well enough write a letter without straining your eyesight; while it might fatigue your eyes to read the same letter after you had written it.

2. Either in reading or writing, the direction of the light is important. It will not do to read against the light, i. e., with the light in your face, because then the direct glare contends upon the retina with the fainter image of the object. The light should fall from behind; and there is a choice as to which side. At least in writing, it should come from behind the left shoulder, because then the shadow of the hand falls away from the pen instead of upon it. Every writer does not know this, or at least does not bear it in mind. I knew a literary man who had written prose and poetry all his life, and who was in the habit, until I showed him his mistake, of letting the light fall from his right shoulder—in this case the wrong shoulder—upon his paper; he had sat in his own light for thirty years. It must have affected the quality of his poetry. In reading, unless your eyes are protected by a shade—and a shade is an excellent thing—let the daylight or the candle-light fall upon your page from behind, whenever you can conveniently manage it, by turning your chair or by choosing the position of the lamp. Nothing is more trying than reading against the glare, unless it be reading by the twilight,—a great temptation to some enthusiastic students.

3. When the sunlight fails, do not depend upon the twilight, and do not combine gas-light or lamp-light with the twilight. Unmixed light is always the best, whether it be solar, or electric, or from any other artificial source. The improved electric lights will prove a great boon to students, especially to summer students, not only on account of their pure and steady illumination, but because they neither heat the air nor consume it. It is hard to see what farther improvement—except in the very desirable matter of cheapness—is likely to be required in the better incandescent lights that are now coming into use. The arc lights, with their wild flickering brilliancy, are another matter.

4. Every one knows, but every one does not always bear in mind, that the page one reads should be held steadily before the eyes in order to avoid undue strain on the muscles of accommodation. Not only this, but it is worth while to form the habit of holding the page so that the top of the page and the bottom shall be equidistant from the eye. This may seem a very minute precaution, and such it is; yet nothing is trivial which tends to the better preservation of the delicate functions of the organ; and the habit is one which is easily learned. Reading in the cars is a thing which one would hardly undertake to defend on theory; yet it is a practice which is likely to increase rather than to diminish, especially with the increasing smoothness of railway travel. The things to bear in mind are that the book or paper should be held as steadily as possible under the circumstances; and that in the railway car there is double reason for taking time to think upon what one reads.

5. One device which is a veritable eye-saver is the protection of the eyes against the direct morning light on waking. How few people think of this, or at least how few arrange their bedrooms so as to provide for it! I have slept and waked in a good many different countries; but it is very seldom that I have found the beds rightly placed in this respect. As a rule, the morning light glares into the sleeper's eyes on waking. Perhaps this position of the body at night is a survival of some earlier time when the dangers of war, or, later, the needs of agriculture, made it necessary to awake with the earliest light. But it need scarcely be said that the stress of the morning light is a trial to the eyes, and one which they should be spared when possible. The use of bed-curtains, still in Europe, but comparatively rare in our country, was intended to guard the sleeper from this annoyance; but they cut off the air to such a degree that they are very properly disused among us.

I have referred to this rule as a hard one to follow, and indeed it may seem to propose no less than a revolutionary measure in suggesting that the beds which face the light should be turned the other way. Indeed it is always feasible, and I am the last person in the world to urge any thing that should bring confusion upon the housekeeper. But one can sometimes make the bed, and sleep in it, with the head turned away from the light, even though the stringent rules of housekeeping forbid the moving of the bedstead itself. And when the sleeper's head can not be turned away, a screen may be placed between the bed and the window.

6. Don't read in bed. It is an indiscretion, to give it the mildest name. It strains the eyes, it curtails the hours of rest—and most of us do not sleep enough—and once in a while it sets the house a-fire. Bed is the place for sleep before any thing else, and not primarily the place for pursuing intellectual culture.

II. COMING TO SPECTACLES.

When I was a boy I used to envy the wearers of spectacles; they gave a sort distinction, I thought, even to some commonplace faces. I remember that I looked forward with a certain expectancy to the time when in the order of nature, I should be promoted to the use and enjoyment of glasses.

Well, I am using them now, and not with that unmixed delight that I expected in them. I find that they make me out older than I was; and I learn that while augmenting years are supposed to bring wisdom, which is all very well, that there are still certain offsets to the value of augmenting years. Perhaps one would just as soon be ten years younger again, and avoid some of his mistakes, even if one had to forego the dignity of spectacles; and yet, when they are resorted to at the right time, and properly chosen, what a delight they are, what a comfort! More than this, they are one of the necessities of civilization. We could spare steamboats and railroads almost as soon as spectacles. Imagine the stoppage of work in almost every department of life that would follow the suppression of oculists and opticians!

Their services, on the contrary, are constantly more and more in demand. Many children are found in need of them; in Germany seventeen per cent. out of ten thousand school children were found to have trouble with their eyes. By the age of forty at least half of the people in our community require to begin with weak glasses of one sort or another, and how reluctantly they often begin! People who would "make no bones" of wearing ear-trumpets or crutches (because lameness and deafness can not be hidden) will stoutly resist the coming to spectacles. Nothing amuses me more, in a quiet way, than to observe the reluctance, the coyness, the backwardness with which my friends defer their privilege, "dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it," and long putting off their comfort before they come frankly to the luxury of glasses. People will put it off for two or three years, and suffer all the time. One of my friends is now going through the process. He has procured his glasses; on occasions he brings them out in a very quiet way; he puts them on almost furtively, and how modestly and yet speedily they slip off again and into a specially-provided pocket! But they bring him back the clear sight of childhood; he enjoys them, and really he can not do without them for reading fine print; and soon he will use them as unreluctantly as his telephone.

How shall we select our glasses? We have two classes of advisers in this matter; their names are somewhat similar, but their functions are widely different. We have the oculist or ophthalmic surgeon, a trained specialist in all that concerns the eye and its conditions of health and of disease; and we have the optician, who may be more or less informed in the science of the eye, but whose business is to sell glasses. Which of the two shall we consult?

The optician, in his business of selling glasses, will often have picked up more than little knowledge of the ordinary requirements of eyes that need his help. Whether you need a "near-sighted" or "far-sighted glass," whether a strong or a weak pair of lenses,—this he can ordinarily tell. But if the case is any thing out of the ordinary,—if it is a question of unequal vision in the two eyes, or of a stigmatism, or of trouble with the optic nerve, or of any one of a score of complaints which though individually uncommon, yet constitute in the total no small part of the total percentage or chance of the ailments of the eye—then the oculist, not the optician, is the one to pronounce upon the case. Here the optician is as likely to go wrong as right; and a mistake made in such a case may, and sometimes does, result in serious injury. But who is to tell beforehand whether your own case, or your child's is a perfectly simple one—one for which you may take the chances on the optician's advice; or whether it is a case which requires the trained *expertise* of the oculist? No one can tell. The practical rule consequently, is a simple one. As soon as you feel that your sight is wrong in any way, consult a good oculist. He will tell you what is the matter with your eyes, and just what they need or do not need; and with his directions in hand you will then go to the optician with all the certainty that can be had of finding the best treatment that your eyes may require.

I shall not attempt, after laying down this precept to describe all the kinds of different eyes, and the kinds of glasses that they require. But for presbyopic or far-sighted persons, and for myopic or near-sighted, I will give the excellent summary that Dr. W. S. Dennett, of New York, has prepared for the guidance of opticians who are called upon to prescribe glasses without the guidance of an oculist. The rules are as follows:

(1.) Make all persons see distant objects as well as possible; near-sighted persons with the weakest, far-sighted persons with strongest glasses.

(2.) Allow near-sighted persons to use still weaker glasses, or none at all, for near vision.

(3.) Allow far-sighted persons to use still stronger glasses for near vision, and no glasses at all for distance, if they desire it.

And refer to the oculist [1] all who can not see as well as they ought; [2] all who are very near-sighted; [3] all who have become near-sighted recently; and [4] all who are not satisfied with their glasses.—*Dr. Titus M. Coan, in Chautauquan.*

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Some Useful Hints About the Culture of This Charming Plant.

This charming race (*Pyrethrum sinense*), which may justly be considered everybody's flower, from its easy culture and its wide adaptability to soils and localities, is especially valuable for coming in at a time when approaching winter denudes the gardens of their accustomed ornaments. Indeed, it seems almost smoke and frost proof, and will struggle on against both drawbacks with the perseverance and resolution that a brave spirit encounters difficulties, blooming during intervals whenever open weather permits till its period of duty is accomplished. Under the shelter of glass, of course this is not interfered with, but a warm house is not required; indeed, it is rather against the welfare of this plant. The chrysanthemum has undergone similar improvement to that which has attended so many other favorite plants. New types have been introduced, and new varieties have come to the front. Of all these, however, the Japanese are unquestionably the creme de la creme. As to their treatment, it is worth while noting that the taller varieties succeed well trained against a wall, and in that position, being somewhat sheltered, continue to flower later than in the open ground. For indoor blooming in pots, it will be most advantageous for amateurs to purchase compact little plants about to come into flower. But where any of the dwarf kinds are not already in bloom in the borders, same may be taken up with a good "ball" and dropped into pots (not too small) already prepared, with crocks for drainage, and rich loamy and sandy soil about one-third up the pot for the ball to rest upon. Then drop the ball into the pot with as little disturbance as psssible, and fill in firmly with the soil already named. Water with tepid water, and keep the plants close for a few days. If this operation be carefully done, the plants will receive no greater check than will protract their flowering for a short time—which is one of the advantages of such a procedure. To increase a stock of favorite varieties, young suckers from the roots may be taken after the blooming has entirely ceased. Let them be potted singly in small pots of sandy soil, and placed in a gentle hotbed in a frame, or kept in a warm green-house if such be at command. As they grow they must be shifted once or twice, according to circumstances, and will be fit to plant out or potted on if intended for that mode of culture.—*London Queen.*

The Preferred Creditor.

"Mine fren'," said a Georgia merchant to a drummer who used to frolic with him, after the former had compromised all around at forty cents on the dollar and gained a year to wind up the business, "I'm goin' ter make of you er—vot you call hierm——brevered greditor. How vas dot?"

"Thanks, old fellow, thanks! I knew you wouldn't go back on me. How are you going to arrange it?" The merchant led him aside.

"Vell," said he, closing one eye, "I vant to tell you rite now that nobody vas gointer git a darn cent outer dis pizness."

"And you call this making me a preferred creditor?" The drummer's eyes could have been knocked out with a stick.

"Vy not? You know all aboud it now, but dem udder vellers von't fine id out fur er year."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

WORTH KNOWING.

How to Prevent the Discoloration of the Skin After a Blow.

Take a little starch or arrow-root, and merely moisten it with cold water, and lay it on the injured part. This must be done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. However, it may be applied some hours afterwards with good effects.

I learned this when a resident of France. It may already be known here, but I have met with none among my acquaintances who seem to have heard of it. The old remedy, raw meat is not always at hand, and some children have an insurmountable repugnance to let it be applied. I always make use of the above remedy when my children meet with an accident; there is nothing unpleasant in its use, and it keeps down swelling, and cleanses and facilitates the healing of scratches when the little ones fall on the gravel in the garden.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

—Thompson—Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do? Jones (hesitatingly)—What sized man? *Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

WINDS AND WAVES.

They Are Slowly But Surely Washing Away Historic Cape Cod.

The winds and waves are slowly but surely working changes in the shore line of the Cape. Scientists claim that Cape Cod, from the highlands of Truro to the end of Long Point, was washed up from the sea. A look along the shores reveals many changes during the past decade. Pawet harbor, at Truro, which in old times was a busy place, accommodating a large fleet of fishing vessels, has so filled up that it is almost impossible to enter with a five-ton fishing smack. The low-water mark is gradually moving down from the bank along the entire shore. The little shoal off the end of Long Point, at the entrance to Provincetown harbor, over which twenty years ago were fifteen feet of water at low tide, has gained in height until now eight or nine feet is the average low water. In the cove, at the west end of the harbor, the low-water mark has moved about eight hundred feet farther from the shore during the past fifteen years, caused mainly by the dry sand blowing off the hills and at low tide filling in the flats. At a point a short distance from Wood End Light the tide has gradually cut in, until now, at extreme highest tides, only about twenty feet of dry land remain between the waters of the bay and harbor. The northerly and easterly gales do the most damage, and are aided by the tides. The sands that wash away from the banks are spread out, increasing the dangerous bars, some of which extend half a mile from the shore, causing so many wrecks and making Cape Cod one of the most dangerous points in the world. The famous Peaked Hill Bars, three miles east of the Race, increase more rapidly than any other point. While the sands are being washed seaward, the wind is also sweeping them landward in large quantities, covering the bushes and trees. It is estimated that the sand hills have moved townward three-quarters of a mile in the past dozen years. At Highland Light the high cliffs are gradually washing away. The average yearly waste is nearly two feet, and it is only a question of time when all the light-house buildings will have to be moved inland. The buildings have been rebuilt twice since the light was first established, ninety-seven years ago, and the site of the first light-house has entirely disappeared. At a point just north of the light more than thirty feet of the surface have washed into the sea during the past two years. This gradual washing away is continued along the coast to Chatham. At Nausett Lights the bank is disappearing, if any thing, more rapidly than at any other point. Around Chatham the low, sandy beaches are yearly disappearing beneath the waves, and Chatham harbor is nearly spoiled by the sea breaking through.—*Boston Transcript.*

GALLEY-SLAVES.

Their Deplorable Lot in the Early Days of the Eighteenth Century.

The life of the French galley-slaves of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has been thus described by Admiral de la Graviere: "They place seven men on each bench; that is to say, in a space ten feet long by four feet wide. They are so packed away that you can see nothing from stern to bow but the heads of the sailors. The captain and the officers are not much better off. When the seas overtake the galleys, when the north wind howls along the coast, or when the sirocco dampens the passengers with its deadly moisture, all these make the galley a perfect hell. The lamentation of the ship's company, the shrieks of the sailors, the horrible howling of the convicts, the groaning of the timbers, mixed with the clanking of the chains and the natural noises of the storm, produce an effect which will terrify the bravest of men. Even the calm has its inconvenience. The horrid smells are so powerful that you can not withstand them, despite the fact that you use tobacco in some shape from morning till night.

"Condemned in 1701 to serve in the galleys of France on account of being a Protestant, Jean Martelle de Bugerac died in 1777 at Galenburg, on the Gueldre, at the age of ninety-five. He seems to have had (to use a common expression, though quite in place here) 'his soul devoted to his body.' 'All the convicts,' he says, 'are chained six to a bench; these benches are four feet apart, and covered with a bag stuffed with wool, on which is thrown a sheepskin. The overseer, who is the master of the slaves, remains aft, near the captain, to receive his orders. There are two sub-overseers—one amidships; the other on the bow. Each of them is armed with a whip, which he exercises on the naked bodies of the crew. When the captain orders the boat off, the overseer gives a signal from a silver whistle which hangs from his neck. This is repeated by the two others, and at once the slaves strike the water. One would say the fifty oars were but one. Imagine six men chained to a bench, naked as they were born, one foot on the foot-rest, the other braced against the seat in front, holding in their hands an oar of enormous weight, stretching their bodies out, and extending their arms forward into the backs of those before them, who have the same attitude. The oar thus advanced, they raise the end they hold in their hands, so that the other end shall plunge into the sea. That done, they throw themselves back and fall on their seats, which bend in receiving them. Sometimes the slave rows ten, twelve, even twenty, hours at a time, without the slightest relaxation. The overseer, or some one else, on such occasions, puts into the mouth of the unfortunate rower a morsel of bread steeped with wine to prevent his fainting. If, by chance, one falls over (which often happens), he is beaten until he is given up for dead, and then he is thrown overboard without ceremony."—*Interior.*

—The only Unitarian Churches in the South are in Charleston, New Orleans and Atlanta.—*N. O. Picayune.*

JEFFERSON'S TOMB.

The Shaft Erected Over the Statesman's Grave Mutilated by Relic-Hunters.

Colonel Wilson, of the army, who has charge of the monument recently erected by order of Congress over the grave of Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, says that the vandals are already at work chipping chunks off the stone, and that if it is to be preserved a military guard will have to be sent down there. Several years ago Congress appropriated $5,000 for the purpose of restoring the cemetery in which Jefferson is buried, and erecting a new monument over his grave. This was in the time of Hayes and the appropriation was not to be available until the owners of the estate gave a quit-claim to the United States of a tract of ground two rods square surrounding the burial place, and a pathway by which access thereto might be afforded the public. Jefferson was buried at Monticello in a little cemetery on his own plantation, and his wife, other members of his family, and some of his old servants lie beside him. When the estate was being laid out at the time he was President, Jefferson wrote to his overseer instructing him to set apart a little plot of ground as a burial place. "Choose some unfrequented vale in the park," he said, "where there is no sound to break the stillness but the babbling of a brook that winds among the woods, where no mark of human shape is, unless it be the skeleton of some poor wretch who sought out the spot to despair and die in. Let it be among the venerable oaks. Intersperse some gloomy evergreens. Appropriate one-half of it for my family and the rest for my servants and strangers who may die in the neighborhood. Let the exit look upon the Blue Mountains."

The first stone that was erected over Jefferson's grave was an exact copy of a diagram he left, and the epitaph was as he wrote it. It was chipped to pieces by relic hunters. A second one, and a fac-simile, was substituted in 1851 of the same material, which he thought no one would be tempted to destroy, because of its great value, but during the war the soldiers camping in that neighborhood carried it off piecemeal, until nothing was left but a sand-stone stump. The wall around the little cemetery was destroyed and the whole plantation was in a state of dilapidation. Then Congress ordered it to be restored, and, although the bill passed in 1878, it was not until 1885 that the Secretary of State was able to get a title to the cemetery. The Secretary, with more of an eye to the artistic than a wish to comply with his famous predecessor's instructions, repudiated Mr. Jefferson's model and material, and instead of a shaft six feet high of the sandstone found on the place, has given him a shaft eighteen feet high of granite. The work was only recently finished, and Colonel Wilson, who went down to inspect it, has made a report to the Secretary of State, in which he recommends that some means be taken to protect it from the vandals, who have already been at work, and have ruined the monument by chipping off large chunks from the corners. The Colonel says the iron fence is a sufficient protection against grown people, for the gate is kept locked; but small boys squeeze through between the iron pickets, and, with hammers and hatchets, break the corners off and sell them as relics to visitors. He says the agent at the railway station told him that only the day before he arrived two well-dressed ladies appeared with large pieces of the stone, which they said they had hired a boy to chip off for them. The way to circumvent the vandals is to hire men to stay on the place and watch all who come.—*N. Y. Sun.*

LICK TELESCOPE

The Delicate Grinding Required for the Great Lens of the Instrument.

There is something almost romantic in the design and construction of the monster Lick telescope. Being the greatest work ever undertaken, presenting difficulties that had never before been encountered; inviting and suffering drawbacks and disasters that seemed to be sufficient to stagger the most persistant and painstaking skill; watched from day to day by a whole world of anxious observers; hovered over and caressed by the united wisdom of a generation—the lens has come into the world with its great cyclopean eye ready to pierce the mysteries of the heavens. Captain Thomas Fraser, superintendent of the observatory, furnishes some hitherto unpublished and highly interesting information concerning the grinding of the crown-glass lens, and the plan adopted for transporting it from Cambridgeport, Mass., to San Jose. On the subject of the grinding, he says that the closest measurement at command was the 110,000th part of an inch; but on grinding the great lens it was discovered that even this infinitesimal fraction was two large. A still finer measurement was required in reducing the lens in numberless places to a thickness (itself unequal) that would exactly concentrate parallel rays of light filling a circle three feet in diameter to a point a little larger than a pin. In order to reduce the fine measurement already at command, the following ingenious arrangement was employed by Alvin Clark & Sons, makers of the lens: A gas jet was placed before a mirror, which sent the rays of light through the telescope to the great lens, thus magnifying the rays. The magnified light, passing through the great lens was still further immensely magnified, and after having passed through this lens, it was observed through a second telescope and thus further magnified. In this way the least failure of the great lens to concentrated perfectly was detected, and there was also determined the amount of glass in it, at any given point, that had to be ground off in order to secure a perfect focus. Thus a measurement of the 2,000,000th part of an inch was secured. It took very little grinding to remove so small a thickness of glass from a given point, a gentle rubbing with the thumb being sufficient, as the glass is softer than common window glass.—*Boston Transcript.*

CHARACTER IN WALK.

People's Feet a Sure Indication of Their Temperament and Occupation.

"Palmistry is the new art, I understand, for delineating character," remarked a smart young detective, "or rather, it a very old one revived, but for our business the hands don't show half so much character as the feet. In foot-gear, if the subject be properly studied, there will be found more to indicate the character of the wearer than most people have any idea of. It's quite an easy matter for a man to disguise his facial appearance; it may be done by dyeing the hair or beard, or by cutting off the hair close, or by shaving the beard, or by wearing it in a different style; but a man old enough to wear a beard can never disguise his walk, he can't destroy the conformation of his feet, and if he have a tendency to run his shoes down in the heel it's an invaluable piece of information to the detective who wants him. Just to illustrate how this works Ill tell you a story.

"Not a great while ago I received a tin-type picture of a young man who was wanted in the East. It was a very bad picture; part of the face was blurred, and only the eyes and nose were visible with distinctness and character enough to make it a comparatively easy matter to pick out our man should we ever meet him. His clothing was well pictured, and its style, cut and finish gave us an idea as to where we might expect to run across such a fellow. The clothing was nothing if not flashy, and we concluded it would be the style of dress a small-fry gambler would hanker after. We went to a gambling-house, and pretty soon we met a young who looked exactly like the party we wanted. We were just about to take hold of him, when his double, a man having his features, the color of his hair and eyes, turned up, and for an instant we didn't know what to do.

"Either one of those two men might have been taken for the original of the tintype, and we don't know which was which. From their shoulders up the resemblance was astonishing, but it ended there. The utmost difference in their appearance was noted when the men commenced to stir about. Our man was a waiter by occupation, and we observed that one of the men while walking strode on boldly, putting out one foot in front of the other in almost two straight lines, while the other fellow toed out, and when he walked it was apparently, as much as he could do to keep his heels from striking together. My partner looked at him a moment and said: 'That is a waiter.'

"'How do you know?' I asked."

"'See how he walks,' was the reply. 'He puts out each foot sideways as if he feared he was going to get tripped up on account of his long apron. Nearly all waiters toe out because of their long aprons. He's got the walk, and that's our man.'

"Well, it turned out to be true. He was our man, and it was the simple matter of his style of walk, due to the conformation of his feet, that led to his arrest. We got him just in time, as he had considerable money with him, and he had decided to leave town at once. Now that was a clear case in proof of the character that is manifested in feet and in foot-gear, both shoes and boots. He walked with his toes turned out—far out—and we knew that a man with an apron in front of him reaching to the bottom of his trousers naturally walks so that he strikes each foot against the farthest side of the apron, thus to prevent its tripping him up. Teamsters, or those of them who wear long rubber coats, do the same thing. Sometimes the character of a man's thoughts can be pretty nearly determined by the way in which he walks when his mind is busy. Thieves and foxy people in general walk very much like a cat.

"But there is just as much character in boots and shoes as there is in the feet that wear them. It's a common belief that a big foot is a sure sign of good nature. My observation goes to show it's a sure sign of a very coarse nature. Then there is the long, slender shoe of the nervous crank and the short, wide boot of the pig-headed individual, who is just as much a crank. Look at the sandal worn by the Chinese; don't they suggest feeble intellect? Then think of the old wooden shoes worn by the old-country peasants; ain't they perfectly adapted to the rough work out of doors? And see, too, the moccasin of the Indian; what better would suit his peculiar needs?

"Oh, yes; there is a good deal of character in boots and shoes, especially if they are old ones."—*Texas News.*

NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

On the Rio di Somno, Brazil, at the Dawn of Morning.

The soft tones of the dawn of a fine morning fell alike upon field and flood and tinged all creation with its rosy hues. The rich-colored banks glowed with the warm light that made the dripping leaves of forest, the ferns and flowers of the shore, all flash and sparkle like jewels. On the river, here and there, patches of rising vapor partly obscured its sheets of gleaming gold, until a gentle breeze carried away the mist in the faintest of clouds. The fish splashed in the misty waters; gay blue-bronze king-fishers darted from their perches on the bleached skeleton trunks of stranded snags; while herons skimmed the waters with wide outstretched wing; clouds of noisy, chattering parroquets flew by, numerous small birds twittered and chirruped, and in the woods the roar of *guaribas*, or howling monkeys, echoed and re-echoed from cliff to cliff of the banks. It was a picture that even in the absence of personal comfort one could gaze upon with delight, and all nature seemed to welcome the rosy dawn and pure, fresh air after the boisterous, darksome night.—*James W. Wells.*

—A *Cassell's Magazine* correspondent says that undue proportion of animal food renders one more liable to inflammatory troubles, whether acute or chronic, and is injurious to those subject to rheumatism.

PITH AND POINT.

—A new book is entitled "The Keyhole Country." It is undoubtedly full of conversations accidentally overheard.

—She—I think any man ought to be able to support a woman. He—Well, I dont know about that; some women are insupportable, you know.—*Washington Globe.*

—"One Hundred Years" is the title of a new Thanksgiving poem. It is a terribly long sentence, but after reading the poem we are convinced that the poet deserved it.—*Burdette.*

—Some fireman, somewhere, evidently smitten with somebody, gave the following toast: "Cupid and his torch, the only incendiary that can kindle a flame which the engines can not quench."

—Gus—Have you put the important question to old Moneybags' daughter, Jack? Jack—No. I hear there is a prior attachment there. Gus—You don't say so? Jack—Yes, the sheriff has attached every thing the old man owns.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Professor (to students)—Pray, go on smoking, it doesn't annoy me in the least; on the contrary, I like to see others enjoy it. It is the same with tobacco as with hay; I don't eat any myself, but I am delighted to watch others enjoying it.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Servant (to woman at the door)—The mistress was taken very ill last night and can't see anyone. Them's my orders. Woman—Yes. Will you please say that Miss S., the dressmaker, is at the door? Servant (after a brief absence)—You are to walk up stairs, mum.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—If he had a mind—

The dude he would go a-courting,
Then said his mamma kind,
"You must not go," and he answered,
"I'll go if I have a mind."
The mother smiled serenely,
Then said, in accents low,
"If that is the case, my darling,
You certainly will not go."

—"Well," said the persevering governess, "I will put it in another shape: If it takes one servant nine hours to do the entire housework of a family, how long will it take three servants to do it?" Little Nell—Oh, I can answer that! I heard mamma speak of it this very morning. Teacher—Well, how long will it take them? Little Nellie—Three times as long.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Mr. Minks—I met an old schoolmate to-day for the first time in forty years and we had a grand talk about old times. Mrs. Minks—It was a man, I suppose. "O! yes, and as long as I've lived I never saw such a perfect example of contentment and earthly happiness as he is." "Did he marry any one I know?" "No, he never married."—*Omaha World.*

—Bagley (who has just been introduced)—Colonel Trump, of the Hogtown *Howler*? Happy to meet you. My wife sent several poems to the *Howler* in earlier years. They never appeared, I believe. Colonel Trump—Possibly not. You see, I am compelled to send back or destroy interesting matter every day; I receive so much. Bagley—Indeed! Why don't you put some of it in the *Howler* occasionally?—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Sweetly explained:—"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hands in his own. "And why?" he repeated imperiously. "Oh," she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like bare feet on a cold oil-cloth, "because then you would come round only once every fifteen hundred years."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

RUSSIAN USURERS.

How They Oppress the Poor, Struggling and Despondent Peasantry.

Russia is fast verging toward landlordism in its most pronounced form, and the people are being divorced wholesale from the soil which their fathers tilled and by which alone themselves can live. In another generation, at the present rate of progress (or degredation), there will be on one side an agricultural proletariat of sixty or seventy millions, on the other a class of *koulaks* and "mir-eaters," holding all the land and virtually owning those by whom it is cultivated. The present system is based on the bondage of the peasants. *Koulaks* (usurers) and landlords lend their money, taking as security the hypothecation of the borrower's future labor, and once in debt the Russian peasant is never free. He becomes the bond-slave of his creditor, who exacts his pound of flesh with Shylock ferocity.

But the debtor, when his creditor is a landlord, has a simple yet effective way of avenging himself. He works as little and ineffectually as he knows how. The free laborer does twice as much and does it a great deal better, and for this evil there is no remedy except one that is worse than the disease it is meant to cure—a well-paid overseer for every bondageman. For the peasant who is working off a debt does not fear dismissal—wants it in fact, and the government allows no one to use the rod but itself. The *koulak*, or local usurer is in a better position than the big landlord. A peasant himself, he works in the fields with his bondsmen, and can see that they work. Being, moreover, a man of importance in the village, he is naturally more feared and better served than the absentee owner. It is obvious that under these conditions agricultural progress and scientific farming are quite out of the question. Bondage labor is cheaper than any other, cheaper even than machinery. Besides, who would invest money in labor-saving machine when he can lend it out at two or three hundred per cent. per annum. So it comes to pass that land owners and usurers grow rich, cereals are exported and the peasants die. Hardly a year passes that parts of Russia are not devastated by local famines. Instances of *anthropopo hagy* often occur, the wretched peasants being reduced in such straits that in their desperation they eat human flesh—literally prey on each other.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*